THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 17, 1809.

The FATAL EFFECTS *of* INTEMPERANCE.

A TALE.

THE evil effects and serious calamities resulting from intemperance cannot be easily estimated with accuracy. No man who has resigned himself to the temporary loss of reason which these occasion can say, with certainty, that there is any other folly or vice which he shall not commit. Not only is he exposed defenceless to every temptation, and the assault of every passion which was known most easily to beset him; but, not unfrequently, other passions, other vices, which had before lain dormant, and as it were in the germ, seize on him as their prey, and hurry him to his ruin before he recovers sufficient understanding to be even aware of his danger.

George Edwards was a young gentleman of good fortune, of numerous accomplishments, and the most polite manners. He was particularly remarked for the general suavity of his disposition, though occasionally somewhat addicted to a hasty warmth, which, however, his good understanding enabled him almost immediately to restrain. As he possessed a great quantity of ready and genuine wit, and a great flow of spirits, he was peculiarly acceptable in all convivial parties. But George, among his various good and numerous splendid qualities, had one infirmity which acted rather as a drawback upon them—the effect of wine became visible in him sooner than it does in many, and more completely subverted his reason; and, at such times, the natural warmth of his temper became fretful irritability, which was no longer modified by that good sense

which restrained it in his sober moments. The riotous companions of George (for such, in fact, he too often associated with) rejoiced above all things in this weakness of their companion, when compared with their own strength in drinking, which they considered as the grand test of merit.

While at the university, George had contracted a particular intimacy with a young baronet of the name of Sir Frederick Mostyn. This intimacy continually increased with their years, 'till they became, as it were, inseparable, and the festive board which was attended by the one, almost constantly afforded a seat to the other. The friendship of Sir Frederick with George produced an acquaintance with every other part of the family, and he became the ardent lover of his amiable sister Maria, to whom he was soon to be inseparably united.

In the mean time, however, one of those jovial meetings at which Sir Frederick and George were rather too frequently present, took place. The bottle circulated freely as usual; and Sir Frederick seemed more than ordinarily to triumph over the infirmity of George, by plunging him into the most complete state of intoxication a short time before himself. For some time, every thing went on tolerably well; the jokes of Sir Frederick were parried by George, and those of George by Sir Frederick, without any thing like serious offence being taken. But at length the too great quantity of wine having begun to act on the latent irritability of George's temper, he grew captious, and at last retorted in very virulent terms, and Sir Frederick, who was likewise much flushed with what he had drank, replied in the same violent language. Their companions, most of them in the same condition as themselves, did not attempt to moderate their passion, but rather to fan the flame. A challenge given by George was the consequence, and a place not far distant appointed for deciding the dispute, though Sir Frederick wished to defer the decision 'till the next day; but George, frantic with liquor and passion, was peremptory and obstinate, and his antagonist, scarcely less intoxicated and furious than himself, consented with that kind of absurd valour which excludes all reason. Pistols were procured, and George, at the first fire, mortally wounded his companion, his faithful and affectionate friend, who was on the eve too of becoming his brother. Sir Frederick fell, exclaiming, "George, you have killed me!" The words acted on him like an electric shock; he ran to his dying friend and embraced him in a kind of agony. All his frenzy of passion was instantly dissipated, even his intoxication seemed to have vanished, and he appeared sensible only to his own wretchedness.

Sir Frederick was removed to the house of a surgeon who happened to live not far from the scene of the duel, and George continued with him while he survived, but that was only two hours.

hours. He then rushed wildly out of the house, and after wandering about for some time in despair, he went towards his home, but no sooner did he arrive at the door of his house, than unable longer to bear his miserable feelings, he put a pistol to his distracted head, and terminated his existence. The report brought out his brother and his mother to visit the direful scene. His sister, the amiable Maria, was so shocked at thus suddenly losing both her brother and her lover, the one by the hands of the other, and the other by his own, that she became the victim of frenzy, and never after enjoyed reason but at short intervals. The mother yielded to a more silent but equally heart-rending grief, which, in a few months, brought her to the grave. These calamities which befel the son, the lover, the sister, and the mother, all had their first origin in intemperance, and Sir Frederick brought on his own fate by seeking the silly triumph of making his friend intoxicated before himself.

The Epistle from the Yearly Meeting, held in London, by Adjournment, from the 24th of the fifth Month, to the 1st of the sixth Month, 1809, *inclusive.*

To the Quarterly and Monthly Meeting of Friends, in Great Britain, Ireland, and elsewhere.

Dear Friends,

IN turning our attention to you, in your various allotments, we are encouraged to offer you this testimonial of our love, a love which is felt to be the blessed consequence of our endeavour to serve the Lord, from whom it springs. We desire that you also may be furnished and replenished with this greatest of spiritual gifts. It will contribute to sweeten life; and, through the efficacy of redeeming mercy, it will disarm death of its terror. In pursuit, however, of this "pearl of great price," oppositions will arise, during your state of probation, yet do not be dismayed, but be patient. "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit," even "of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient."—James v. 7, 8. Remember that the fruit which you seek, is not only peace, in such proportion as the Lord shall see meet to bestow it, in time; but peace, in eternal fulness, with him for ever.

The subjects of our care, in this meeting, have been conducted with much of that brotherly love and condescension which our Christian principles enjoin; and we have been permitted from time to time to experience that refreshment of

mind, which induces us to believe that our meeting is still owned by our holy head and high priest, Christ Jesus. Our present engagements have been similar to those which have had our attention in preceding meetings. At our last, we believed it right, by a special minute, to urge our monthly and quarterly meetings to stir up those to whom is intrusted the care of children and young people, to a conscientious discharge of that sacred duty. We are now disposed to express our warm desire that the youth may co-operate with our concern, by being willing early and seriously to watch over their own conduct, by the help of that "true light," John i. 9, which is not withheld from the humble mind. Dear young friends, be not only willing to submit to the general admonition and restraint of those who desire for you, above every other attainment, a growth in the holy fear and love of God, but be watchful even over your own thoughts, for thought is the spring of action. Out of the heart, as was observed by our blessed Lord, proceed those evil practices which defile the man. And if you should, as yet, be startled at the supposition of defilement, let us say, in consonant language, that in the heart are conceived those evil propensities, which, if unrestrained, will mar the work of sanctification. Above all, do not forget or neglect to let your souls arise in frequent supplication to the preserver of men; who hears the prayer of the humble, and is well pleased with the dedication of youth—the sacrifice of the beginning of your strength.

A part of the object of the advice which we have mentioned as having been the late concern of this meeting to give to parents, was to train up their families in plainness—a comprehensive word. At this time, on reviewing the subject, a fear has prevailed among us, that not a few elder friends, and even some who take part in our discipline, have not been sufficiently exemplary, particularly in the furniture of their houses. It seems, therefore, right to caution all against giving way, in this respect, to the varying, and often costly fashions of the age. Though it is a weakness which does not seem to savour so much of personal pride, as does vain attire; yet it bespeaks a mind engaged with trifles, and a fondness for show, which is inconsistent with the Christian character; and it disqualifies for duly advising such as may rush into further degrees of extravagance.

The amount of the sufferings of friends, of which an account has been this year brought to the meeting, from Great Britain and Ireland, is upwards of thirteen thousand pounds. They are principally for tythes, priests' demands, and those called church-rates, and a considerable part for military demands. A few young men have suffered a temporary imprisonment under the militia laws. We retain an unabated concern

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that friends may be strengthened to support, on principle, our testimony against a ministry not depending on the fresh opening of the spirit of Christ in the heart, and supported by pecuniary means. We believe also, that this testimony to the purity of genuine and free gospel ministry, strongly evinces that the formation of our society was not an effort of human wisdom; neither is there any thing more calculated to sap our foundation, and render us a degenerate church, than a general departure from this principle.

We are inclined also, dear friends, to draw your attention to the root of our testimony against war. It is no other than Christian love, and that righteousness which produces peace, quietness, and perpetual assurance, as its natural fruit. This draws the mind away from those passions and desires, in which are laid the foundations of contest. Let us then frequently examine our hearts, yea, let us prove our ownselves, and see how far the seed of contention withers, and a resignation to suffer is cherished there. And since, as we have mentioned, some of our young men have suffered, and more may probably suffer imprisonment, we are deeply desirous that they may walk consistently with their testimony in every respect; shewing by their conduct that they truly follow a master who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.

At this meeting, as at former ones, we have received epistles from our brethren in the several yearly meetings in North America, and one from that of Ireland. On the continent, these meetings appear generally attentive to the important concerns of religious society; a care to sympathise with the oppressed objects of slavery remains, and we believe will remain as long as the evil exists; and the more recent engagement of some of these yearly meetings, to diffuse the benefits of civilization among the native Indian tribes of America, subsists in unabated vigour. The account from Ireland is encouraging, and induces an animating hope, not only that the yearly meeting there is favoured with zeal and discernment, but that many individuals are under a preparation of heart to become advocates of our Christian testimonies and principles.

In the silent lapse of time, several of those who have long been endeavouring to support the cause of truth, and divers who have been wont to meet with us for that purpose in this annual assembly, have attained the limit of their allotted probation, and we humbly trust are safely arrived beyond the reach of sorrow. Of such events we have again, at this meeting, received some impressive accounts. We perceive the apparent chasm which their removal occasions; but we may be animated in observing their peaceful close—how, as they approached the confines of that "city which hath foundations," Heb. xi. 10, their hearts were filled with hope, and their tongues employed

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in praise;—as it were, the beginning of a song, of which the melody is unlimited and the duration eternal. "The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation." Psalm cxviii. 14.

We are also comforted in observing from year to year, and not often more than the present year, a succession arisen and arising, of such as appear to be endeavouring to serve the Lord in uprightness of heart; some in one way, and some in another. In the Lord's service, there is employment for every talent with which he has endowed his creature, man; each should be employed in the proper and allotted department; and all to his praise. "There are diversities of gifts," saith the apostle, "but the same spirit."—1 Cor. xii. 4.

Having therefore no reason to think that the great head of the church hath forsaken us, but that he is still willing, as our hearts stand open to him, to qualify for judges and for counsellors, let us endeavour, by his gracious assistance, and with unceasing prayer to him for that holy help, to hold on our way. And you, tender youth, yet in that most critical time of life, in which men often receive the bias which forms them into servants of their God, or warps them away from his fear, and sometimes almost irretrievably, let us again, in conclusion, press you to ponder the path of your feet. The earlier you are devoted to his service, the better servants you will be. And he is served in little things, and not in those only which appear great, and highly beneficial to others. But what attainment is greater than to be able in a pure heart to say, "Thy will be done?" and this, by the spirit of him who taught his immediate followers after this manner to pray, may be attained even in childhood. It will be a most precious morning sacrifice to the Lord, who hath given you life; who stands ready, as you faithfully serve him, to store it with blessings; and who can finally crown it with a peaceful immortality.

Signed in and on behalf of the meeting, by
JOHN WILKINSON,
Clerk to the meeting this year.

Original Letter relative to the Trade to the Brazils.

Sir,

NOT doubting but it will be agreeable to some of your connections to know how the prices of articles usually exported from hence have been of late, I take this opportunity to inform you, that now sugars sell pretty readily at 1400 per arroba, in consequence of a brisk demand from England.

There are no stocks ever kept here of any produce except sugar; all other articles are bought in small parcels, and for ready money, by those who are in need of them by degrees, 'till they have made up the quantity they want. A great deal of tallow has been brought from Buenos Ayres, and good, bad, or indifferent has been sold and shipped for England at from 2400 to 2800 per arroba. Nutria skins are likewise brought here from the river Plate, and sell at about 2400 per dozen; and horse hair at 2600 per arroba; ox horns at 2200 per 100.

The prices of produce here being governed by the affairs of Europe, I cannot give you any opinion about the probability of their being higher or lower. I expect that many will enter into business who have no capital, induced thereto by the well known and fatal credulity of the English, who are ever desirous of pushing off their goods to any one they can induce to take them, and much loss will be thereby experienced; and the same, I apprehend, will occur in other places, where more new dealers will spring up than can be supported. Hitherto goods have been bought for ready money, or taken in barter, and I hope the principle will be continued; but at all events, I am determined to encourage it.

The articles which I think will be consumed in large quantities, are bays, colours, blue, red, rose, and flesh; Swedish iron and steel; common hats; square and round sheets of copper for brazier's use; cheese and butter; cloths, particularly low blue ones, at about 4s. per yard; coatings, olives and browns; kerseymeres, mostly low priced; durants; cotton goods of all kinds, but particularly muslin, in all the variety of the article; laces, veils, shawls, prints, shirting, and quilting for waistcoats; men's plain white cotton stockings, with embroidered and plain cloths, and all lace cloths for women; hardware, nails of all kinds, and generally every thing that would be exported to Lisbon. German window glass, and German linens, such as platillas, bretanas, ruanes, olandas, &c. The prices of cod fish oil and butter vary here, as in all catholic countries, extremely; the former article would now fetch 10,000 per quintal at least; oil is getting up towards 20,000 per pipe.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of CHANCERY, Friday, July 7.

Abuse of Public Charities.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL *v.* THE CORPORATION OF CREDITON.

THIS was a charity founded by Edward VI. by which the tythes of two extensive parishes were vested in the hands

of twelve governors, for the purpose of supporting three clergymen, one at Crediton, a second at Exminster, and a third at Tadford, in Devonshire, together with a grammar-school at Crediton, and for educating certain poor scholars at college. The remainder to be apportioned to pious uses. The value of these tythes in the reign of James I. was 1100l. per annum, and their annual produce now was no more than 1300l. while their estimated value was at least 5500l. a year. The reason assigned by the plaintiffs, the clergymen of these parishes, for this remarkable difference was, that the governors of the charity had, from time immemorial, consisted of the land-owners and occupiers of the parishes, who had given a lease of the tythes to their tenants, at the inadequate modus of 6½d. in the pound rent, the obvious effect of which was, that these tenants were able to afford a greater rent to their landlords. This cause had already come before the court, and his lordship had ordered that the present moduses should cease and determine, and that the master should take an account of what was the real value of these tythes, and should receive proposals for letting them out, on adequate leases, for the benefit of the charity.

Sir S. Romilly now applied, on behalf of the relators, that the governors, who were land-owners and occupiers, should be made answerable to the charity for those sums that had come into their own pockets in the shape of increased rent, from this inadequate modus at which they had thought fit to lease out the tythes.

Mr. Hart, for the defendants, contended, that his clients had not actually gained any thing by this small modus. The remainder of the charity, after the clergymen and the school were sufficiently supported, was to go to charitable uses in the parish of Crediton; and consequently, had the tythes been rigidly levied, the produce must have gone to the poor of that parish, and kept down the poor-rates, which were now very considerable, and raised principally on the lands, if not solely. The farmers, in fact, had paid for the poor, in the shape of poor-rates, what they would have paid in the shape of tythes for the same object, had the modus been larger. Their rents would have been the same in both cases, so that nothing had been derived to the defendants from this inadequate modus.

The lord chancellor said, that however ingenious the reasoning of Mr. Hart was, yet it was quite impossible to admit it, for it would tend to give an intolerable latitude to the trustees of all charities whatever, of which that court was the special guardian. He was far from ascribing improper motives to the guardians of this charity, for the abuse had existed long before they were chosen, and they had probably never thought much

of the matter. He must add, however, that had the lands of these governors lain in another parish, and not in this, they would probably have known how to exact the tythes for the benefit of the charity in a very different manner. In cases of this sort, it was usual for the court to make such trustees account for a period extending as far back as six years; and he was clear that these governors must account for such part of the tythes as they may be calculated to have received in the shape of rent, for a similar period.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 74.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following epistle was composed so long since as February, 1808; and as it is but a just tribute of applause to some of your correspondents (particularly to the one to whom it is addressed), I shall transcribe it for the Letter-Box.

X.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. J. B. OF CAMBORNE.

AS champions in a cause divine,
All *virtue*'s friends are friends of mine;
And need I then, in feign'd confusion,
Beg pardon for this bold intrusion;
Like some coy girl, at sight of man,
That seems to blush behind her fan—
Playing a thousand prudish tricks,
Yet peeping thro' the spreading sticks?
No!—all such follies I despise,
All vain, apologetic lies;
My knee to *honesty* I bend
And dare to call a stranger—"Friend."
From solitude's obscure retreat,
Where silence holds her mournful seat,
Secure from folly's motley throng,
I date my inharmonious song.
Mine is the humble task to stray
Thro' reason's too-neglected way,
Where sober truth, in hermit's guise,
With brow sublime, and uplift eyes,
Conducts me to her peaceful cell
Where virtue and religion dwell.
In early youth, ere fortune frown'd,
Whilst joy and health my temples crown'd—

Love led me up the arduous height,
Where *fancy's* ever-varying light
Shed round my path prismatic hues
And lur'd me to the raptur'd *muse*.
By *beauty's* syren smile endear'd,
Thrice-welcome *poesy* appear'd;
Well-pleas'd I felt the infant art,
At once firm rooted in my heart;
And spurning every emptier thing,
Soar'd on imagination's wing;
But like some meteor's fleeting ray
(Frail emblem of the orb of day)
My humble muse, by passion fir'd,
Blaz'd for a moment and expir'd.
Parnassian powers, no more I boast,
But steer for reason's sterile coast,
Where, safe from fancy's veering gales,
Prosaic dullness furls my sails.
Thus far, my friend, with wond'rous care,
Squat in my old green elbow chair,
My sage epistle I began,
And well arrang'd its curious plan;
When lo! with many a poppy crown'd,
Old *Somnus* on my labours frown'd.
Yawning he came, and in his hand
His sceptre bore,—a leaden wand;
His locks still wet from Lethe's tide,
And death's grim shadow at his side.
The muse, such dull companions scorning,
Wish me, with sneering smile, "good morning,"
Then off, with expedition, flew,
To pay her compliments to *you*,
In this dilemma hopeless left—
Of every stimulus bereft—
Somnus, commencing his attack,
Soon stretch'd me snoring on my back;
And, whilst his empire he asserted,
Laugh'd to behold the bard deserted.
All mirth and pastime he abuses,
And calls for vengeance on the muses,
Who oft (by Cupid's aid) are known
To hurl him from his ebon throne;
For when on youth's enamour'd sight,
Dawns many a vision of delight,
Rhyme conquers reason—baffles sleep—
Whilst hope and fear their vigils keep,
'Till night's cimmerian horror flies,
And roses flush the eastern skies.

Long,

Long, in prostration dire, I lay
Snoring each brilliant thought away,
'Till *Morpheus* came, in shadowy pride,
Intent the empire to divide
With old Dan *Somnus!*—Swift as light
The powers of Lethe took their flight.
Uncurb'd imagination spread
Her strange chimeras round my head.
Methought that in some ship I stood
Surrounded by a billowy flood.
Far in the east a port appear'd,
From which the cruel pilot steer'd;
In vain I urg'd my ardent prayer,
The helm to turn and anchor there!
In vain I wept! Thro' tempests rude
Its course the sea-toss'd bark pursued.
As thus I stood in woeful plight,
A pensive damsel met my sight—
Sweet *Memory*—whose soothing powers
Give speed to grief's unwelcome hours.
"Yon port (she cried) from which we steer,
Where calm the seas and skies appear—
Yon port is *youth's* celestial bourne
To which no travellers return.
See how around its halcyon tide
The painted skiffs securely glide;
Their streamers waving high in air,
Their sails unfurl'd—their prospects fair!
But soon, like you, thro' ocean driven,
Dark clouds obscure the face of Heaven;
The tempest howls—rough surges rise,
And youth's sweet calm for ever flies."
As memory spoke—a fairer form
Beam'd thro' the terrors of the storm—
And swiftly to my vessel came—
Beauteous, in smiles—and Hope her name.
"Fear not, fond youth! (she meekly said)
The storms that o'er your voyage spread!
Tho' far from youth's lov'd port you sail—
The sport of many a hostile gale,
To Heaven your destiny confide,
And let religion be your guide.
Those gloomy mists that seem to rest
Horrific o'er the devious *west*,
'Tis mine to chase." Then waving high
Her ivory wand, she bade them fly.
Obedient to her will they sped,
Like darkness from the mountain's head,

When Phœbus, with returning light,
Bursts on the early shepherd's sight.
Like one, in fairy dreams entranc'd,
Around *futurity* I glanced.
Again becalm'd the ocean seem'd,
Again the sun of pleasure beam'd.
Array'd in never-fading green,
Gay summer islands grac'd the scene;
Islands where love and friendship sway,
And not a thorn obstructs the way.

(To be concluded in my next.)

ALARMING MORTALITY.

WE are extremely sorry to announce the re-appearance of the very alarming disorder, so prevalent at this season in the metropolis, especially in the city. Although not strictly speaking, of the kind called a consumption, it is attended with many of the symptoms of that dreadful scourge, such as a *tickling* cough, a *teazing* complaint not only upon the lungs, but even the *organs* of *speech*, a *weariness* upon the smallest fatigue, and a sensation as if the parties *could not breathe.*

The faculty who have been called in, have, in general, recommended an immediate removal from the air of London to that of Kent or Sussex, and such is the number of persons affected, that stage-coaches and chaises have been put in requisition, while small vessels, called packets and boys, are provided for the poorer sort, or for large families who prefer that mode of conveyance.

We are sorry to add that this disorder, as on former occasions, is very prevalent among *shop-keepers*, and sometimes goes through a whole family with wonderful rapidity. It generally begins with the younger branches, especially if *females*, who are supposed to have caught it at *boarding-schools.* The *mother* is very soon affected, and the males of the family either take it of course, or by way of preventive, are removed to the coasts of Kent and Sussex, where they may breathe a purer air than in *shops* and *counting-houses.*

The course of medicines recommended to the patients, when they arrive at the place of their destination are very *simple.* Besides bathing and walking, they are enjoined to take a *raffle*, or a *pig-race*, once or twice a week, with a suitable quantity of *hops* and *pools.* Breakfasting *in public* is likewise found to be very efficacious, especially if followed by a *canter* upon a *jack-ass.* In general, medicines that have a tendency to *open* the *chest*, and lower that *plethora* of *yellow stuff*, which is contracted behind

behind the counter, are found to effect a cure in a very short time.

PRESENT STATE *of* ANGERS.

[From Pinkney's Travels into the South of France, just published.]

ANGERS is situated in a plain, which in the distance being fringed with wood, and being very fertile in corn and meadow, wants nothing of the richness and beauty which characterize this part of the province. It is parted into two by a river called the Mayenne, which is a small branch of the Loire, and again falls into the main river about five miles from the town. The French, like the Dutch, seemed to be peculiarly attached to this kind of site, having a river run through their towns, one half being built on one side, and one on the other. The water of the Mayenne is so harsh that it cannot be drunk or used for cookery, and were it not for the proximity of the Loire, and some aqueducts, Angers, though built on a river, must necessarily become desolate for want of water. The same improvidence is visible in many towns in France, and still more in Holland.

The walls round this city were built by King John of England, and though six centuries have elapsed, are still nearly entire. Part of them were indeed demolished by Louis the Eighth, but they were restored in their original form by his successor, and remain a proof of the durable style of building of that age (1230). The castle of Angers was built at the same time. It is situated on a rock which overhangs the river, and though now in decay, has still a very striking appearance. The walls are lofty and broad, the towers numerous, and the fosses deep. They are cut out of the solid rock, and must have required long and ingenious labour.

The general appearance of Angers does not correspond with the magnificence of its walls, its castle, and its cathedral. Its size is respectable; there are six parish churches, besides monasteries and chapters, and its inhabitants are estimated at 50,000. The streets, however, are very narrow, and the houses mean, low, and huddled; there is the less excuse for this, as ground is plentiful and cheap; there is scarcely a good house inhabited within the walls. The towns in France differ in this respect very considerably from those in England; in a principal town in England you will invariably find a considerable number of good houses, where retired merchants and tradesmen live in the ease and elegance of private gentlemen. There is nothing of this kind in the French towns. Every house is a shop, a warehouse, a magazine, or a lodging-house. I do not believe

believe there is one merchant of independent fortune now resident within the walls of Angers. This, indeed, may perhaps arise from a difference in the general character of the two kingdoms; in England, and even in America, there are few tradesmen long resident in a town without having obtained a sufficiency to retire; whilst the French towns are comparatively poor, and their trade comparatively insignificant, the French tradesman could seldom do more than obtain a scanty subsistence by his business. In all the best French towns the tradesmen have more the air of chandlers than of great dealers. There are absolutely no interior towns in France like Norwich, Manchester, and Birmingham. In some of their principal manufacturing places there may indeed be one or two principal men and respectable houses; but neither these men nor their houses are of such number and quality as to give any dignity or beauty to their towns beyond mere places of trade. The French accordingly, judging from what they see at home, have a very contemptible idea of the term merchant; and if a foreign traveller of this class should wish to be admitted into good company, let him pass by any other name than that of a marchand or negociant. To say all in a word, this class of foreigners are specifically excluded fram admission at court.

I visited the market, which in Angers, and I believe throughout France, is held on Sunday. This is one of the circumstances from which a foreigner would be very apt to form a wrong estimate of the French character, which now, whatever it might be, is decidedly religious. But the Roman Catholics have ever considered Sunday as at once a day of festivity and a holiday; they have no scruple, therefore, to sing and dance, and to hold their markets on this day; all they abstain from is the heavier kind of work—labour in the fields and warehouses. A French town, therefore, is never so gay as on a Sunday. I enquired the price of provisions. Beef and mutton are about 2d. per pound; a fowl 5d. and turkies, when in season, from 18d. to 2s. bread is about 1½d. a pound; and vegetables, greens, &c. cheap to a degree.

A good house in Angers about six louis per year, and a mansion fit for a prince (for there are some of them, but without inhabitants) from forty to fifty louis, including from thirty to forty acres of land without the walls. I have no doubt but that any one might live at Angers on 250 louis per annum, as well as in England for four times the amount. And were I to live in France, I know no place I should prefer to the environs of this town. The climate, in this part of France, is delightful beyond description. The high vault of heaven is clad in ethereal blue, and the sun sets with a glory which is inconceivable to those who have only lived in more northerly regions; for week after week this weather never varies, the rains come

on

on at once, and then cease 'till the following season. The tempests which raise these fogs from the ocean have no influence here, and they are strangers likewise to that hot moisture which produces the pestilential fevers in England and America. There are sometimes indeed heavy thunder storms, when the clouds burst, and pour down in torrents of rain; but the storm ceases in a few minutes, and the heavens, under the influence of a powerful sun, resume their beauty and serenity.

The soil in the neighbourhood of Angers (I speak still with reference to its aptitude for the residence of a foreigner, for I confess this dream hung very strongly on my imagination) is fertile to a degree, and, as far as I could understand, is very cheap. Every house, as I have before said, without the walls, has its garden, and all kind of fruits and vegetables were in the greatest plenty. The fences around the gardens of the villages were very fantastically interwoven with the wreaths of the vine, which would sometimes creep up the trunk of a tree, and sometimes hang over the casements. Nothing can be more delightful than the vine when flourishing in all this unbridled wildness of its natural luxuriance, and as if justly sensible of its beauty, the French cottagers convert it to the double purpose of ornament or utility. Whilst travelling along, my spirits frequently felt the cheering influence of the united images of natural beauty and of human happiness.

Often have I seen the weary labourer sitting under a sunny wall, his head shaded by the luxuriant branches of the vine, the purple fruit of which furnished him with his simple meal. Bread and fruit is the constant summer dinner of the peasantry of the Loire. Upon this subject, the general plenty of the country, I should not have forgotten to mention, that in the proper season partridges and hares are in great plenty, and being fed on the heath lands of Bretagne and Anjou, are said to have the best flavour. An Englishman will scarcely believe, that whilst he is paying 12s. a couple, half a guinea for a turkey, 7s. for a goose, &c. &c. (whilst such, I say, are the market prices in London), the dearest price in the market of Angers is 10d. a couple for fowls, a shilling a couple for ducks, 1s. 6d. for a goose. As to the quality of these provisions, the veal and the mutton being fed in the meadows on the Loire, are entirely as good as in England; but the beef, not being in general use except for soups and stews, is of a very inferior kind. Wood is the only article which is dear; but an Englishman in this country would doubtless rise above the prejudices around him, and burn coal, of which there is a great plenty in every part of France.

I must not take leave of Angers without mentioning that it was a favourite station of the Romans, who, like the monks, always consulted natural beauty in the site of the towns and

permanent encampments. Many remnants of this people are still visible; some of the arches of an aqueduct are yet entire, and without a guide speak their own origin.

Angers, being so near La Vendee, suffered much by the Chouans, and still retains many melancholy traces of the siege it had to maintain. The people, with feelings which are better conceived than expressed, spoke with great reluctance on their past sufferings; there seems indeed one great maxim at present current in France, and this is to forget the past as if it had never happened. A foreigner is sure to offend, who interrogates them upon any thing connected with the horrible revolution.

Nothing can be more delightful than the environs of Angers, whether for those who walk or ride. The country is thickly enclosed, and on each side of the river varied with hill and dale, with woodland and meadow. The villages and small towns along the whole bank of the Loire are numerous, and invariably picturesque and beautiful. In the vicinity of Angers the vineyards are very frequent, and cover the hills, and even the valleys, with their luxuriance; nothing can be more beautiful than the natural festoons which are formed by their long branches as they project over the road, and when the grapes are ripe, the landscape wants nothing of perfect beauty. The peasantry (the vignerons as they are called) live in the midst of their vineyards; their habitations are usually excavated out of the rocks and small hillocks on which they grow their vines, and as these hills are usually composed of strata of chalk, the cottages are dry and comfortable. Some of them, as seen from the road, being covered even over their doors by the vine branches, had the appearance of so many nests, and as many of them as had two stories, were picturesque in the extreme. Upon the whole, the condition of the peasantry in this part of France is very comfortable; they are temperate, unceasingly gay, and sufficiently clad; their wants are few, and therefore their labour, added to the fertility of the soil, is sufficient to satisfy them. They repine not for luxuries of which they can have no notion.

Improved Method of propagating Potatoes.

THE following new method of propagating potatoes has been communicated to the Bath and West of England Society, by the Rev. J. Burton:

Having a piece of ground choaked up with potatoe-stalks, from the negligence of the labourers employed in the cleaning it of a preceding crop, this gentleman carefully planted about 100 of them in drills, in the same manner as cabbage plants,

first pulling off the potatoes that adhered to the roots. The experiment succeeded beyond expectation: as each stalk produced from ten to fifteen, some of them uncommonly large. This method will prove highly beneficial; and the farmer's industry in cleaning his ground will be abundantly rewarded. Small potatoes, which are generally thrown to the pigs, may be planted in beds in November, and their stalks removed in the spring. This method of culture, particularly in wet soils, may probably succeed better than that commonly practised; as there would be no danger of their rotting, which the seed potatoes are apt to do. Thus the markets might be supplied, not only with the roots, but also with the stems, which could be sold in the same manner as cabbage plants.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE Athenians rebuilt the walls of their city. The Lacedæmonians were jealous at it: Themistocles had deceived them. This was the nature of the deceit. He went as an ambassador to Lacedæmon, and denied that the walls were rebuilt. "If ye do not believe me," he said, "send some of your principal men to examine, and detain me." They were sent. Themistocles privately dispatched a messenger to the Athenians, with orders to keep the spies in custody 'till the walls were rebuilt; and, when they were erected, not to dismiss them before they had received him back again. These things were done. The walls were built, and Themistocles returned home: the spies were given up; and the Athenians, against the will of the Lacedæmonians, were surrounded with walls.

The walls had been destroyed in the Persian war, and the Lacedæmonians, to prevent the enemy from possessing any place out of the Peloponnesus, prohibited the rebuilding them

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Answer, by J. French, at Evershot School, to W. J.'s borrowed Question, inserted April 17.

THE number 45 per question should have been 4,5. This correction being made, it is evident the difference of the two numbers is =8, then by the rules of position the lesser number is easily found = 7, and the greater = 15, which numbers will answer the conditions of the question.

☞ Similar answers have also been received from Vigil, of Shaftesbury; J. Ball, and Triangularius, at Evershot school; and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.

Answer, by J. P. of Tiverton, to J. French's Rebus, inserted May 15.

EMBLEM of innocence and love
Is certainly the harmless DOVE.

‡§‡ Similar answers have been received from W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; S. Tucker, of Bugford; J. Miller, of Exmouth; W. Lawrence, of Plymouth; T. Pearse, and S. Palmer, of Chard; J. W. of Charmouth; J. C. Jun. of Ottery; William Kent, near Camelford; John Ball, at Evershot school; G. W. Jones, and J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Mary A. Allen, of Milton; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; and J. Price, of Yeovil.

Answer, by J. French, at Evershot School, to A. Kyne's Charade, inserted May 22.

THE TULIPANT will make appear
What on their heads the Indians wear.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Ball, at Evershot school; T. P. of Chard; and J. Matthews, of Dartmouth.

Answer, by J. W. of Charmouth, to G. Pearce's Enigma, inserted May 22.

KIND SIR, I pray take my advice,
Nor risk your fortune on the DICE.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Melhuish, of Honiton; H. B. of Bridgewater; T. P. of Chard; J. W. Jones, and G. W. Jones, of North Petherton; and J. C. Hurst, of Wareham.

A REBUS, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

A Game at cards my first explains;
A beast that feeds on fertile plains;
The time when weary mortals rest;
A noble admiral express;
A beast of the amphibious race;
My last in yonder valley trace:
The initials join, upon my word,
You will behold a well-known bird.

A REBUS, *by J. Melhuish, of Honiton.*

A Num'ral and a preposition take,
Which will, dear gents. my first and second make;
The soldier who defies his country's foes
Doth in my last his weary limbs repose.

Sweet whole! Oh condescend to shew the road,
That leads unto thy pleasing, blest abode;
For thousands strive, and thousands strive in vain
A prospect of thy mansions to obtain.

But I will persevere, and hope to trace
The path towards thy cheerful resting place,
That I may live, and end my days with thee,
Thou heavenly source of true felicity!

POETRY.

ON THE ENGLISH OFFICERS WHO FELL AT CORUNNA.

WAKE the harp to strains of glory,
To deeds of high, heroic story;
Let the rushing stream of song
Sweep with the wild waves' force along;
Louder, yet louder, strike the strings,
'Till the blue concave echoing rings.
Hark! the chords in thunders rattle,
Throbs the warrior's heart for battle.
On to the field—his bosom glows—
He plunges 'mid a host of foes:
Bright beams his falchion, waving high,
And on his plume sits victory.

Rages the combat fierce and strong—
The darts in whirlwinds pour along;
And scattering death and terror round,
The chieftain sinks, with glory crown'd.

Thus MOORE, the noble, valiant fell,
The hero England lov'd so well:
And many a youth, and veteran brave,
Found, on that day, an early grave.
'Twas freedom's cause—in freedom's pride
They fought, they conquer'd, and they died.
Who does not envy such a fate?
Who would not die—to die so great?

And shall their's be the meteor lot,
Seen for one hour, the next forgot?
No! on the hero's laurell'd bier
The muse shall shed the sacred tear;
And memory, bending o'er his grave,
From death the warrior's name shall save;
And oft in high, heroic verse,
Shall the soft bard his fame rehearse.

AZILE ST. CLAIRE.

ENGLAND.

[From the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Poem, lately published, intitled, "The Sylph of Summer."]

BUT temperate airs are thine,
England; and as thy climate, so thy sons
Partake the temper of thine isle, not rude,
Nor soft, voluptuous, or effeminate;
Sincere, indeed, and hardy, as becomes
Those who can lift their look elate, and say,
"We strike for injur'd freedom;" and yet mild,
And gentle, when the voice of charity
Pleads like a voice from Heaven: and, thanks to God,
The chain, that fetter'd Africa's groaning race,

The

The murd'rous chain that, link by link, dropp'd blood,
Is sever'd; we have lost that foul reproach
To all our virtuous boast!
Humanity,
England, is thine! not that false substitute,
That meretricious sadness, which, all sighs
For lark or lambkin, yet can hear unmov'd
The bloodiest orgies of blood-bolter'd France;
Thine is consistent, manly, rational,
Nor needing the false glow of sentiment
To melt it into sympathy, but mild,
And looking with a gentle eye on all.
Thy manners open, social, yet refin'd,
Are temper'd with reflection: Gaiety,
In her long-lighted halls, may lead the dance,
Or wake the sprightly chord; yet nature, truth,
Still warm th' ingenuous heart: there is a blush
With those most gay and lovely; and a tear
With those most manly!
Temperate liberty
Hath yet the fairest altar on thy shores;
Such, and so warm with patriot energy,
As rais'd its arm when a false Stuart* fled;
Yet mingled with deep wisdom's cautious lore,
That when it bade a papal tyrant pause
And tremble, held th' undeviating reins
On the fierce neck of headlong anarchy.

Thy church, (nor here let zealot bigotry,
Vaunting, condemn all altars but its own,)
Thy church, majestic, but not sumptuous,
Sober, but not austere, with lenity
Tempering her fair pre-eminence, sustains,
Her liberal charities, yet decent state.

The tempest is abroad; the fearful sounds
Of armament, and gathering tumult, fill
The ear of anxious Europe: If, Oh God!
It is thy will, that in the storm of death,
When we have lifted the brave sword in vain,
We too should sink, sustain us in that hour!

Mean time be mine, in chearful privacy,
To wait thy will, not sanguine, nor depress'd,
In even course, nor splendid, nor obscure,
To steal thro' life among my villagers!
The hum of the discordant crowd, the buzz
Of faction, the poor fly that threads the air
Self-pleas'd, the wasp that points its tiny sting
Unfelt, pass by me "like the idle wind
That I regard not;" while the Summer-Sylph,
That whispers thro' the laurels, wakes the thought
Of quietude, and home-felt happiness,
And independence in a land I love!

* James the Second.

EPIGRAM FROM BOILEAU.

MY enemies vainly endeavour to spoil
The fame of my works, which with envy they see;
But Cotin goes nearest to injure my style,
For he writes, and attributes his writing to me.